PARAPHRASIS LATINA,

IN

Duo Poemata,

(Quorum alterum a Miltono, alterum a Clievelando Anglice ſcriptum fuit)

Quibus deploratur Mors juvenis præclari & eruditi, D. Edvardi King, qui Nave, qua vectabatur, Saxo illiſa, in Oceano Hybernico ſubmerſus eſt.

Autore Gulielmo Hogæo.

TWO POEMS.

(The one whereof was Penn'd by *Milton*, and the other by *Clieveland*)

Upon the Death of a worthy and learned young Gentleman, Mr. *Edward King*, who was drown'd in the *Iriſh* Seas: to which is added a *Latin* Paraphraſe on both, which was penn'd by *W. H.*

LONDON, Printed for the Author, 1694.

14485.31.20 *

In Laudem
Academiæ Cantabrigienſis.

QUam Cantabrigij ſedes fœcunda Lycæi!
O quot præclaros protulit illa viros!

Miltoni altivolas trahit hinc facundia pennas,
Hinc, Lycida, ingenij gloria clara tui.

Hinc tuus hunc deflens Clivlande ſupervolat ardor
Fervidus ætherei ſydera celſa poli.

Nomina magna virûm, quibus alma hæc unica mater,
Si, quot ſint rogites, pulveris inſtar habet.

Nobi-

HARVARD COLLEGE
June 15, 1926
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Nobiliſſimo, Illuſtriſſimoque

COMITI MULGRAVIÆ,

Anglicanæ Nobilitatis Honori ac Decori,

Muſarum Patri ac Patrono,

Nec minus ingenij quam proſapiæ
ſublimitate venerando,

Opuſculum hoc literarium,

In gratitudinis ob multa & inſignia in
me collata beneficia Teſtimonium,

Do, dico, conſecro.

TO

To the Reader.

THis Worthy Gentleman, Mr. Edward King, was a Fellow Student with Milton and Clieveland in Chriſts Colledge in Cambridge: Who having ſailed from Cheſter, the Ship that he was in foundered upon a Rock on the Iriſh Seas. Some eſcaped in the Boat, and great endeavours were uſed in that great conſternation to get him into the Boat, which did not prevail. So he and all with him were drowned, except thoſe only that eſcaped in the Boat: Now he was a Perſon generally beloved in his Life, which made him ſo much lamented at his Death: Which occaſioned ſeveral Students to pen lamentations on his Death, among whom was this Milton and Clieveland. I was deſired by others to make theſe two Tranſlations, which was the occaſion that I penned them. I was adviſed to put them in the Preſs, and that which encouraged me to adventure to do it, was hopes that ingenious Gentlemen will commnnicate tokens of their kindneſs to me, for at this time my neceſſity is very great: Theſe Poems will afford a high and innocent recreation.

LYCIDAS.

The Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas, 1637. And by occaſion foretels the ruine of the corrupted Clergy then in their height.*

YEt once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſear,
I come to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead e're his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He muſt not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.
Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of *Jove* doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.

Hence

LYCIDAS.

Author lamentatur amicum eruditum, infeliciter Mari Hyberno ſubmerſum, poſtquam a Ceſtria ſolviſſet. 1637. *Et, occaſione oblata, corruptorum Clericorum ruinam prædicit, qui tunc temporis pro libitu in ſublimi dignitatis gradu vitam agitabant.*

RUrſus odoratæ myrti laurique virentes,
Veſtitæ aureolos hedera ſerpente corymbos,
Rurſus ego veſtras redeo decerpere baccas,
Quanquam acidas, nec dum maturo Sole recoctas.
Et veſtras ſpoliare comas, & Spargere paſſim,
Frigora quanquam abſunt procul Autumnalia, nec dum
Hiſpidus arboreos Aquilo populatur honores.
Me dolor ac duri necopina injuria fati
Tempora veſtra meis cogunt turbare querelis.
Occidit heu! teneræ Lycidas in flore juventæ,
Occidit heu dulcis Lycidas, nullumque reliquit
Illem parem. Blandi Lycidæ jam funera juſtis
Deplorare modis quis non velit? Ipſe canendi
Arte Sophoclæum dedicit tranſire cothurnum.
Arva per æquorei infletum fluitare profundi
Tène decet? nullis digna an tua fata querelis,
Dum te fluctus habet, verſantque per æquora venti?
Nunc utinam eloquij charites, & vivida vocum
Gratia, quas olim eſt veterum turba impia vatum
Aonias mentita deas, mihi protinus adſint,

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd Urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhrowd.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock ; by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, e're the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night;
Oft till the Star that roſe at Ev'ning, bright,
Towards Heav'ns deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our Song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and deſert Caves,
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy ſoft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When

Jucundâque novam modulentur arundine muſam.
Forſitan & noſtras pariter comitabitur umbras
Carmine muſa pio, cinerique precabitur hoſpes
Præteriens, tacita placidus requieſce ſub urna.
Unicus amborum paritur juvenilibus annis
Mons nutritor erat, pariter quoque pavimus unum
Ambo gregem gelidos jucundi fontis ad ortus,
Aut rivi ſalientis aquas, aut arboris umbram.
Ambo ſimul teneras ad paſcua læta capellas
Duximus, ante oculis quam pulchra Aurora recluſis,
Reddiderat lucemque Orbi rebuſque colorem.
Et ſimul exiguæ jucundo murmure muſcæ
Noctivagam reſonare tubam exaudivimus ambo
Per placidos Lunæ curſus, jam rore recenti
Nectareos ſpargente gregis per vellera ſuccos.
Sœpe etiam haud ſeræ libuit decedere nocti,
Donec ab Eoa nitido quæ veſpere Lympha
Stella exorta fuit, medij tranſivit Olympi
Culmen, & Heſperias curſum convertit ad undas.
Interea, harmonicas digitis moderantibus auras,
Agreſtem inflamus calamum, choreaſque piloſi
In numerum ducunt Satyri, Faunique nequibant
Capripedes noſtris cohibere a cantibus aurem,
Ipſe ſenex noſtrâ Damætas geſtit avena.
Heu male mutatæ Fortunæ injuria! vadis,
Vadis ad æternas (nunquam heu rediture) tenebras.
Te, Paſtor, ſylvæ umbriferæ, virideſque receſſus
Antrorum, quot ubique thymo vel vite teguntur,
Undique jure dolent, reſonatque dolentibus Echo.
Ah! ſalices ceſſant virides, humileſque myricæ,
Nunc reſonare tuæ, ramoſque inflectere muſæ.
Ut nocet atra roſis ærugo, ut peſtis acerba eſt
OEſtrum immane boum, glacialia frigora flores
Qualiter infeſtant tunica variante decoros,
Cum niveus primum floreſcere cœpit acanthus:

When first the White Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there---for what could that have done?
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self for her inchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.
Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To end the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Sic quoque paſtores (triſte ac miſerabile!) lethi
O Lycida dilecte, tui dolor urit acerbus.
Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere puellæ
Naiades, immenſis Lycidas cum eſt obrutus undis?
Nam neque duxiſtis choreas ſuper ardua rupis
Culmina præruptæ, druidum monumenta priorum,
Nec vos ſaxoſæ tenuere cacumina Monæ;
Nec Deva Fatidicas ubi latè exporrigit undas.
Cur ego vana loquor? præſens ſi veſtra fuiſſet
Tota cohors, huic ecquid opem auxiliumq; tuliſſet?
Orphei Calliopæa ſuo quam ferre valebat
Triſtis opem? Nil muſa ſuo ſuccurrere nato,
Cujus ad interitum rerum natura dolebat,
Tunc potuit, cum fœmineæ furor iraque turbæ,
Diſcerptum latos juvenem quæ ſparſit in agros,
Sanguineum caput Orpheia cervice revulſum,
Hebre, tuis injecit aquis, quod ad uſque cucurrit
Littora, quæ miſeri letho bene nota Leandri.
Quid juvat aſſiduis fruſtra tabeſcere curis,
Et paſtoralis ſtudium contemnere vitæ,
Et vanum ingratæ muſæ impendiſſe laborem?
Nonne fuit ſatius, ſociorum more per umbras
Suaviter arboreas ſectari Amaryllida dulcem,
Atq; Neæra, tuos leviter prenſare capillos.
Fama viros, quorum ſublimi in pectore virtus.
Se generoſa locat, cohibere libidinis æſtum
(Peſſima nobilium ſolet eſſe hæc lerna virorum)
Incitat, & duros etiam ſufferre labores.
Aſt ubi pœne tibi illuſtris tetigiſſe videris
Culmen honoris, adeſt Lacheſis cum forcipe dira,
Et fragilis vitæ filum ſecat. At mihi Phœbus,
Fama tamen poſt fata manet, ſecura ſepulchri,
Dixerat, & tremulas leviter mihi vellicat aures.
Fama eſt planta ſolo minimè prognata caduco:
Fortunæ ſecura nitet, nec faſcibus ullis

Erigitur,

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuſe*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-ſliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune*'s plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakedPromontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage *Hippotades* their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his Dungeon ſtray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah; who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?

Laſt

Erigitur plauſuve petit clareſcere vulgi.
Judicis ante jovæ puriſſima lumina lucem
Illa cupit fulgere ſuam; quicunque verendum
Illius ante thronum laudemque decuſque reportat,
Hujus in æthereo fama effulgebit Olympo.
O Arethuſa, & tu, Fluvius celeberrime, Minci,
Undiq; vocali redimitus arundine frontem,
Lene fluens, quæ nunc recito, mihi dicta fuerunt
Hæc longe graviore ſono, graviore cothurno.
Sed mea propoſitam repetat nunc fiſtula muſam.
Tunc quoque cæruleus vada per Neptunia Triton
Circumagebat iter liquidum, fluctuſque ſonoros
Perfidaque, Æolios, interrogat agmina ventos:
Unde hæc ſæva bono pecoris data fata magiſtro?
Quæcunque altiſonis ullo de monte procellis
Horrida flabra volant, ruptæve cacumine rupis,
Ille rogat: miſeri cuncta hæc tamen inſcia fati.
Hippotadeſque ſagax cunctorum nomine tales,
Reddidit ore ſonos: nullius flamina venti
Nuper ab Æoliis ſeſe effudere cavernis.
Ridebant taciti tranquilla ſilentia ponti,
Et placido lapſu Panope, centumque ſorores
Æquora plana legunt, ſtratamq; æqualiter undam.
Perfida navis erat, crudeli dedita fato,
Quæ rimis accepit aquam, ſacrumque repente
Merſit in ima caput, medioque ſub æquore texit.
Proximus inceſſu ſenior tardiſſimus ibat
Camus, & hirſuta velatus veſte; galerus
Carice factus erat, variis obſcura figuris
Quem textura notat, quem circum vitta colori
Par, Hyacinthe, tuo, queſtus inſcripte cucurrit:
Heu! mihi quis rapuit cariſſima pignora? dixit.
Ultimus huc venit, rediitque hinc ultimus, undæ
Cui Galilæanæ cuſtodia creditur; illi
Duplex clavis erat, duplici formata metallo,

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
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And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakedPromontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage *Hippotades* their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his Dungeon ſtray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah; who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?

Erigitur plauſuve petit clareſcere vulgi.
Judicis ante jovæ puriſſima lumina lucem
Illa cupit fulgere ſuam; quicunque verendum
Illius ante thronum laudemque decuſque reportat,
Hujus in æthereo fama effulgebit Olympo.
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Lene fluens, quæ nunc recito, mihi dicta fuerunt
Hæc longe graviore ſono, graviore cothurno.
Sed mea propoſitam repetat nunc fiſtula muſam.
Tunc quoque cæruleus vada per Neptunia Triton
Circumagebat iter liquidum, fluctuſque ſonoros
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Ultimus huc venit, rediitque hinc ultimus, undæ
Cui Galilæanæ cuſtodia creditur; illi
Duplex clavis erat, duplici formata metallo,

Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two maſſy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his Miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the leaſt
That to the faithful Herdmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye Valleys low where the mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades and wanton winds, and gu[illegible] brooks,

(Aurea portam aperit, subito quam ferrea claudit)
Tempora tum nitidâ quaſſans ornata tiarâ
Talia fatus erat tetricæ cum murmure vocis.
Quam bene nunc pro te, ſi vertere fata liceret,
Quam bene nunc pro te, juvenum cariſſime multos
Conceſſiſſem alios, ſtimulante cupidine ventris
Qui furtim, ac tacitè irrumpunt, & ovilia ſcandunt?
Unica cura quibus pecorum fuit uſque magiſtri
Vi rapuiſſe epulas, avidéque hauſiſſe paratas,
Convivaſque alios audaci pellere dextrâ.
O cœci ventres! qui vix comprendere dextra
Paſtorale pedum, aut aliquid didicêre, fideles
Quod juvat atq; decet pecorum præſtare magiſtros.
Quid curant? quid curæ opus eſt? bene vivitur illis.
Et licet his, ubicunque libet, ſub vindice nullo
Stridenti miſerum ſtipula diſperdere carmen.
Interea pecudes languentia lumina volvunt,
Tabeſcuntque fame, miſeris quia pabula deſunt.
Sed ventis nebuliſque tument, ſenſimq; putreſcunt
Interius, ſparguntque ſui contagia morbi.
Inſuper & teneras vis quotidiana luporum
Clam diſcerpit oves, avidamq; immergit in alvum.
Machina ſed gemino ad portas armata flagello
Protinus his uno parat ictu accerſere fatum.
Nunc, Alphæe, tuositerum convertere curſus
Incipe, nunc vox dira abiit, vox dira quievit,
Quæ fluvium terrore tuum retrò ire coegit.
Tu quoque paſtoris ſiculi modulamine quondam
Edita Muſa redi: nemorumque umbracla colores
Huc florum innumeros ſimul injectare jubeto.
Vos quoque nunc valles humiles, ubi florea Tempe
Et venti placidis reſonant, fluviique ſuſurris,
Quarum haud ſœpe ſinus cancri ferus attigit ardor,
Undique gemmantes oculos conferte, virenti
Nectareos quicunque bibunt in ceſpite ſuccos,
Floribus & vernis totam depingite terram.

On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primroſe that forſaken dies.
The tuften Crow-toe, and pale Jeſſamine,
The white Pink, and the Panſie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-roſe, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ah me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deni'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapleſs youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,

Huc roſa, jucundi quæ dicta eſt primula veris,
Quæ moritur, ſi ſpreta jacet; Pulcherque hyacinthus,
Huc quoque cum niveis vaccinia flava liguſtris,
Huc quoque Sylvarum cum Garyophillide canâ
Moſchitæque roſæ, violarum & amabile germen,
Atque periclymenos fulgenti ornatus amictu,
Paralyſiſque etiam, fulvo quæ tota metallo
Pallet, & in terram pendente cacumine vergit,
Et quicunque gerit tunicam flos luctibus aptam,
Conveniant, pariterq; locum glomerentur in unum
Huc Amaranthe veni, quem non borealia lædunt
Frigora, quem æſtiferi non torrent brachia cancri.
Huc, Narciſſe veni, lachrymis tua pocula replens
Suavibus; huc flores veniant quoſcunq; vocavi,
Laurigerique tegant Lycidæ venerabile buſtum.
Gaudia ſic mæſtis juvat interponere curis,
Solarique animos ficta ſub imagine noſtros;
Dum te fluctus agit, ventiſque ſonantia volvunt
Æquora vaſta, trahuntque tuum, retrahuntque cadaver.
Sive ultra æſtiferis ferventes Hebridas undis,
(Hic tu fortè lates rapido ſub gurgitæ tectus,
Imaque monſtriferi viſis penetralia mundi.)
Sive remotus abes procul hinc, longumque ſoporem
Carpis, ubi ſedem tenuit Bellerus avitam,
Priſtina quem veterum celebrant mendacia vatum,
Mons ubi præſidio circumdatus undique, ſpectat
Namaneon, ſpectatque tuos, Bayona, receſſus.
Ad Patrias ſedes, precor, o precor, Angele, rurſus
Reſpice nunc miſeros non averſatus amicos.
Vos quoque delphines juveni ſupponite tergum,
Perque plagas vaſti vitreas portate profundi.
Nunc pecorum placidi fletus inhibete magiſtri.
Non periit letho Lycidas, ceſſitve ſepulchri
Legibus, æquoreâ jaceat licet obrutus undâ.
Haud aliter Phœbi ſe prævia ſtella profundum
Mergit in heſperium, diverſis rurſus ab undis

Mane

So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So *Lycidas* ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive Nuptial Song,
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn Troops, and ſweet Societies
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompence, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and Rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Doric* lay:
And now the Sun hath ſtretch'd out all the Hill,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern Bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

Mane novo ſurgens, multo ſpectabilis auro
Erigit illa caput, primoque ardeſcit Eoo.
Sic Lycidas primum ima petit, dein ardua ſcandit:
Præſide nempe illo, tumidi qui terga profundi
Haud ſecus ac ſiccam pedibus peragravit arenam,
Spumeaque intrepidis calcavit marmora plantis.
Hic alios inter Sylvæ nemoralis honores,
Atque alios longe fluvios ſe nectare puro
Obruit, atque ſuos miro lavit amne capillos,
Ætherioſque hilari lætus trahit aure hymenæos
In regnis, ubi floret amor & pura voluptas.
Hic quoque Sanctorum chorus illum amplectitur omnis,
Ordine qui juncti pariter cœleſtia cantant
Carmina & ætherias ducunt cantando choræas.
Atque oculis abigunt lachrymam procul illius omnem.
Nunc pecorum placidi Lycidam lugere magiſtri
Abſiſtunt. Tu, littoreas dum carpis arenas,
(Hæc tibi in Elyſiis durabunt præmia campis)
Semper eris quovis meliorque & fauſtior aſtro
Puppe periculoſam trepidâ tranantibus undam.
Talia concinuit peregrinus carmina Paſtor
Quercubus alticomis, fluviorum & lenibus undis,
Dum croceis Aurora rotis invecta redibat.
Mutabatque ſonos relegens, oriſque recurſu
Diſſimili tenuem variabat arundine ventum.
Jam Sol majores umbras ſuper alta tetendit
Culmina, & Heſperiis poſt paulò abſconditur undis.
Tandem iterum rediit, viridemq; remiſit amictum.
Cras ſylvas peragrare novas, nova paſcua cordi eſt.

On the Memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the* Iriſh *Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial Grief who ſcans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious Beads; but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my Pen's the Spout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whoſe Fate we ſee
Thus copied out in Grief's Hydrography.
The Muſes are not Mer-mayds, though upon
His Death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for Verſe; who rhymes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Helleſpont.*
My Tears will keep no Channel, know no Laws
To guide their ſtreams, but like the waves, their cauſe
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a Deſcription of his Miſery.
But can his ſpatious Virtue find a Grave
Within the Impoſthum'd bubble of a Wave?
Whoſe Learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſs
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſs.
Could not the Winds to countermand thy death
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep
To heave thy Reſurrection from the Deep;

That

Deploratio mortis juvenis præclariſſimi, D. Edvardi King, qui Mari Hyberno ſubmerſus periit.

NOn mihi cantantes lachrymæ, non humida comptum
Fraude latente, placent manantia lumina verſum.
Fonte cadit mihi gemma pio denſiſſima; veſtris
Cur ego muſarum nunc arcta roſaria ſeptis
Me teneam? non Pierides, non hujus Apollo
Carminis Autor erat; calamus mihi nempe canalis
Fungitur arte cavi, lachrymarum immenſa per illum
Ex oculis cadit unda meis, ſiſtique recuſat,
Dum tua fata queror, mæſti tua fata doloris
Heu fluidis deſcripta notis, calamoque liquenti.
Pierides non ſunt ponti ſeirenes alumnæ,
Hujus at Oceanus celebrando in funere poſſet
Pieridum in virides converti Helicona receſſus.
Æquora ſunt hirſuta minis pro carmine in undis
Æquoreis qui verba metro connectere tentat,
Xerxis adinſtar agit, qui te vincire catenis
Helleſponte, ſuis ſtudio certabat inani.
En lachrymæ ſine lege meæ, ſine limite certo
Præcipites pronæque ruunt, velut unda, doloris
Cauſa mei, ventis agitantibus, ordine nullo
Rumpit iter, donec rapidis harum obruar ipſe
Vorticibus, miſeri fato affimilatus amici.
An virtus ſpatioſa tamen reperire ſepulchrum
Poſſit in æſtiferæ bullanti gurgit limphæ?
Cujus in alta libet ſi fors demittere plumbum,
Immenſi maris unda, illi collata, videtur
Eſſe brevis, parvumque refert imitamine ſtagnum,
Uſque adeo in vaſtam ſine limite tendit abyſſum.

That ſo the World might ſee thy ſafety wrought
With no leſs wonder than thy ſelf was thought?
The famous *Stagirite* (who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his Wife)
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy.
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy Fate, and Predeceſſor's ſecond end.
Some have affirm'd that what on Earth we find,
The Sea can parallel for ſhape and kind.
Books, Arts and Tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
We'll dive no more for Pearls; the hope to ſee
Thy Sacred Reliques of Mortality
Shall welcome Storms, and make the Seamen prize
His Shipwrack now more than his Merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the Waves, and to thy Tomb,
As to a Royaler Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? Water and Fire,
Both Elements our ruin do conſpire;
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſs
To underſtand the greatneſs of our loſs;
Be Pupils to our Grief, and ſo much grow
In Learning, as our Sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our Eyes
We'll iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our Tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſland, living *Hebrides*.

FINIS.

Nonne ſub Æolijs ſeſe cohibentia clauſtris
Flamina cuncta ſimul unitis viribus unam
Suſtinuere animam revocare a limine lethi?
Cyclade nonne nova e vaſtis oriente lacunis
Æquoris, æquorei de mole reſurgere buſti
Tu poteras, tantumque novis percellere mundum
Ortibus, ante tua quantum virtute ſtupebat?
Magnus Ariſtoteles, (qui donec vixerat, omnem
Naturam rimatus erat, nec notior illi
Uxor erat) moriens viduam tibi tradidit illam,
Quæ mundi Regina manet, cui ſcilicet uni
Pulchra Philoſophici data ſunt diademata regni.
Omine proh! dira conjux tibi tradita, fati
Præſcia, Ariſtoteles heu! te moriente, ſecundo
Concidit, ecce, latens iterum ſub gurgite letho.
Quæcunque in vaſtis terrarum cernimus oris,
His paria ingenti latitare ſub æquore quidam
Et genus & variam credunt referentia formam.
Artibus ante tamen, linguis libriſque carebant
Æquora, nunc, liquidis quia tu verſaris in undis,
Cecropium, ecce, tenent Neptunia regna Lycæum.
Quærere jam nitidas ſub aquarum gurgite gemmas
Vix operæ pretium eſt, dum ſpe majore tenemur
Relliquias ſpectare tuas, audire procellam
Hæc avide horriſonam, turbantibus æquora ventis,
Spes jubet, hæc ſpes naufragium quoque mercibus ipſum
Gratius eſſe facit cupidis te cernere nautis.
Illi ad littoreas cupidè gradiuntur arenas,
Acceduntque tui ſpumantia marmora buſti.
Ceu magis excambi regalis nomine digna
Illa forent. Quæ ſpes ſupereſt? ſimul ignis & unda,
Bina elementa parant nobis inferre ruinam.
Quæ nos compoſuere, iterum nos illa reſolvunt,
Declinantque, iterumque ſua in primordia cedunt.
Una exuſta fuit flamma Vaticana rogali,

Altera

Altera in æquorei gremio jacet obruta ponti.
Scrinia noſtra manu crebra verſemus oportet
Turba togata, novum cupientes diſcere damnum;
Sit vice doctoris dolor ipſe; ſcientia creſcat
Cum doctore ſuo. Noſtros, ubi flumine largo
Intumuere, elegi carmen vacuabit ocellos:
Uſque adeo ut lachrymæ hyberni maris æquora noſtræ
Æquiparare, ipſique vagæ videamur in undis
Inſulæ, & æſtiferi ſinuoſo in gurgite ponti
Hebrides ire anima paſſimque redire retenta.

FINIS.